

Bonzee

by Richard John Blaxill

In the doorway standing there,
Deep brown eyes and ginger hair,
Eating out my Tupperware jug.
Hairy limbs and knobbly knees.
The Bonzee Balsee bug.

It came and crouched beside my chair.
And looked at me from whence nowhere.
Then lept so high with so much ease.
And landed on the mantelpiece.

As my voice cried out. It didn't flinch.
It wouldn't even budge an inch.
"Why are you here?" I enquired.
Then its eyes turned to a crimson fire.
And as it swayed it said to me:
"My name is Bonzee. I am that Be."

So look into My eyes aglow.
I'll show you things You'll never know.
So transfixed I did but gaze,
And sank into That crimson haze.

"A golden thread rolled out to follow,
And weaved a dream of today's tomorrow.
My body gone.
My mind was free.

I streamed the edge of our galaxy.

On and on it beckoned me,

Beyond the realms of reality.

There was no sun.

But the light did shine.

With angelic music finely entwined -

Imagine thought.

For thought is yours.

Now open up the golden doors.

Think long and hard,

Until it is clear.

You may listen -

But you must hear.

Not soon, not far.

And yet so near.

Not peace, not love.

For no opposite be.

No light.

No dark.

No reality.

Fragmented patterns it's feeling here.

When time stands still -

You'll find me near."

Swirling along through time and space,

My fading shadow I managed to retrace.

And with Bonzee came face to face.

He said, "I've shown you things of tomorrow yet.

These things first to correct."

He conveyed he left this planet long ago.
Before the ice, the wind, and snow.
We are horrified to see what has taken our place -
Sad creatures you call the human race.
We know you don't give a damn at all.
For we see everything from the crystal hall.
I will leave you alone to contemplate.
Better still, I will show you your trait.

I was shown my birth.
When circling the earth.
And my innocent eyes grew older.
You know right from wrong.
Let's move along.

Now look down.
From over my shoulder.
On the right you can see -
A flowering prairie
Of wheat forty inches high.
On the left over here -
That's Africa I fear.

Look - people hungry, and waiting to die.
Just there you saw:
Armies at war.
Carnaging till blood runs dry.
There's blood trails.
They are killing.

The whales.

And other wild animals.

They are trying to destroy,

On land, desert, and surf.

They were put on this earth

For all of you - to love and enjoy.

Your cities are a mess.

Shocking crime and distress.

With each man following

Each other's greed.

There's fighting amongst

The sick and the drunks.

And the religions debating

Their opposite creed.

There were some who shone the light.

Jesus we sent to put things right.

With love and peace -

Not sent to be alarmist.

By the reasoning from your gods -

Hung and perished on the cross.

So be warned by Nostradamus.

Take heed the words I say.

Go forth and make your play.

Stand up and reach out again.

If this message does not adhere -
The consequences are all too clear.
You will never leave this earthly plain.

Then I seemed to awake. Back in my chair.
Did I sleep? Or was I really there?
A kind of misty scent filled the air.
And laying stretched out on the rug -
Beside my empty Tupperware jug -
A dying Bonzee Balsee Bug...